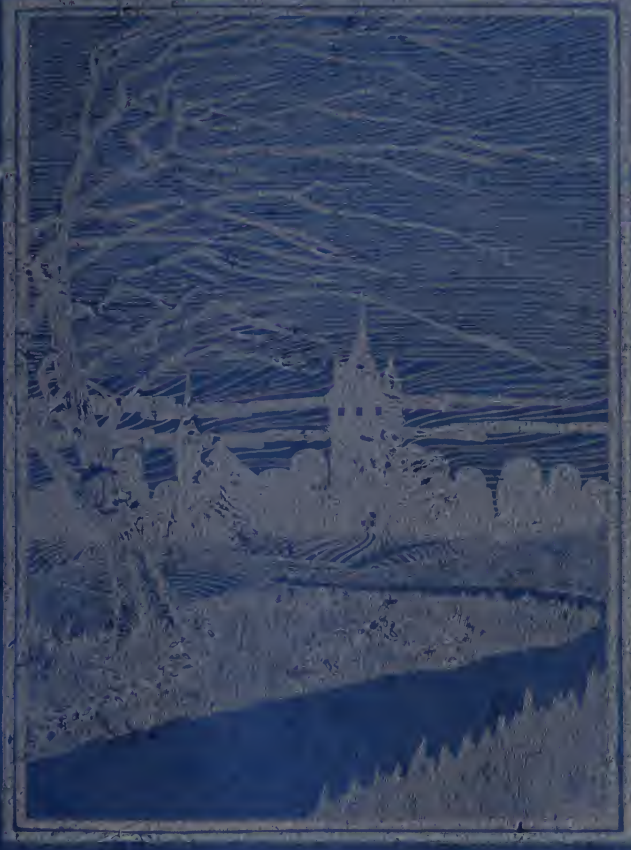


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*Spring Issue, 1930*

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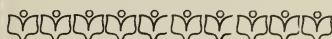
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# THE CHIMES

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No. 1.

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Published by the Students of the Scituate High School  
Scituate, Massachusetts

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The Editorial Board desires to take this opportunity to thank all who, by their co-operation and interest, contributed to the success of this issue.



## SCHOOL SPIRIT—CLASS SPIRIT

Herbert Dwyer, '30

School Spirit—Class Spirit: It is a hard proposition for the undergraduate to choose when the two conflict as they sometimes do.

Class spirit is that which makes us toil to have an outstanding class. It makes us go into the activities of plays, suppers, parties, and sales to make money for the class and to show the world and the rest of the school that our class is superior in energy and potency to any class in the school.

School spirit is that which makes us support our school and its works. It makes us endeavor to have a school which is superior to any school in the section in its different activities. We go out and strive to make the athletic teams. If we are not capable of being a cog in any of these machines, then we are good losers; we go out and cheer, support, and encourage these teams to the best of our ability. That is school spirit.

Occasionally, as I have said, the two conflict. I will cite an example.

A play is given by a class. Three members of the cast are regular football players. These three members cannot go out to football practice every afternoon because they have rehearsals. The football team, having to use "green" material, loses games that it might have won with the three regulars present. The school loses its prestige on the athletic field. The class play is a success. The class becomes more popular; but at what price: the losing of the athletic name of their school, their Alma Mater.

The price is too great. Just think, you have a lifetime for plays, but you have only four short years for your school.



Use them well. Class spirit is a great thing, but school spirit is much greater. Therefore when the two conflict, give up the lesser for the greater and you will never regret it.

---

### A PLEA TO ALL SCITUATE HIGH STUDENTS

John Jakubens, '32

We have a new building and a new gym. Are we going to fill that gym with cheers next winter when Scituate High goes on the basket ball court? You bet we are. Every boy and girl in school can lend something to dear old Scituate High. If we can't lend material for the athletic teams, we can give support from the sidelines. We shouldn't be half-hearted about our cheering; we should all be present at the games, cheering our teams on.

The girls and boys aren't playing for themselves; they are playing for the good of the school, and half the game is won by support.

For the past two or three years, Scituate High School has not had very good support. Why can't we all attend the games? No distance is too far to go to cheer our school on. If we lose, no one can say that we haven't done our part if we were at the sidelines. If we aren't interested in our team, why should the players be? They are playing for the school and we should be supporting them.

Come to every athletic contest and help us win for Scituate High.

---

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

Mary Stewart, '30

Strive	Sacrifice
Cooperate	Participate
Help	Impel
Offer	Respect
Originate	Include
Love	Tackle

I wonder why it is thought that "School Spirit" no longer exists among the boys and girls of today? Is it truly so, or is it merely that we do not exhibit our feelings?

To have the proper school spirit you must strive,—strive to help your school in various ways! Pay your class and A. A. dues, boost your school, contribute to the *Chimes*, and keep up in your studies.

Cooperation is necessary. You must cooperate with your teachers by knowing your lessons and thus by making their

work easier; you can help your school by boosting it to outsiders.

If you have not already been doing your best—originate. Originate school spirit.

Love your school. Without love you cannot do your best for it. A thing done because you feel it to be your duty is not as well done as one which you do out of love and respect for a person or thing.

If necessary you should sacrifice some things for your school. You may have to sacrifice a night at the movies in order to pay your class dues, but in the end you will not regret it.

Participate in all things you can. Anyone athletically inclined should participate in sports. Participate, too, in your class activities.

Impel yourself to do your best in your studies and any office which you may hold.

Respect your teachers and your school. Little can be done for a person not respecting anything or anyone worthy of this tribute.

Include everyone in your list of friends. Personality is one of your greatest assets.

Tackle all work with an ambition and desire to reach the top.

---

### A BOOK REVIEW

Dorothy MacDonald, '31

"Lincoln," an interesting biography, was written by Emil Ludwig. This story-portrait of Lincoln is very realistic. It shows a Lincoln of many moods,—Lincoln gay, happy, careworn, depressed, angry, loving, and humiliated.

One can come to know him better—even if one thinks he knows all there is about him—through reading this delightful biography.

Ludwig does not dwell on historical facts that we can get in any good library if we hunt for history. He tries to emphasize the fact that Lincoln was human. He had his faults, his ideas, his mottoes, and his ambitions. He had enemies as well as friends.

Ludwig visited the birthplace and other places where Lincoln had lived. From neighbors and relatives he learned of some very amusing and pathetic incidents in the life of Lincoln.

In this biography Ludwig just touches on historical events when they are necessary for his subject to be better understood.



## HANNAH'S REVOLT

Kathryn Dorr, '31

"What, you ain't a-going? Why, Hannah Jones, do you mean to sit there and tell me you ain't a-going! It'll be the time of your life! Why, just think of it, going on a great big boat to New York to visit your daughter! Course you're going."

"No, Hettie, Hiram says there ain't no sense of a woman of my age to go gallivanting around. He says I've always been a home-loving person and he doesn't see why I have to start now. Anyhow he's planning to go to see about hiring another man for the harvesting and that will make more work. He says he isn't going to waste money on me that he can use for hiring a man to help him."

"Lord sakes! how many more men is he going to hire? He's got four now. There's more work for yer. But you ain't a-going to do it; I tell yer you're going to New York."

"But Hiram says—"

"You never mind Hiram. You've listened to him for the last thirty years, and I guess it's about time you had your own way. Hannah, you get ready to go. You get yer things packed. You gotta revolt some day and you might as well start now. Well, goodbye. You be a-thinking it over and get ready. Goodbye."

"But, Hettie—"

She was gone leaving Hannah in a bewildered state of mind. Would she dare to do it? To go against Hiram, whose word had always been law in her house? But she hadn't any money, only what little she had saved from sell-

ing eggs last summer. She went over to the sideboard and took down the cracked sugar bowl, which held her hard earned money. Counting it, she found she had just exactly forty-four dollars. It wasn't much to be sure but enough for her fare. But she'd promised Hiram he could have it toward the fund for his new chicken house.

She had never been away in all her married life except once when she went to the country fair when the children were small and then it had been more work than pleasure.

Hiram had been promising her ever since they had been married that they'd go on a trip someday, but that someday had never come.

She put the dinner on to cook and then she went into her little bedroom and began to pack her shabby clothes. By dinner time she had packed.

During dinner she tried to evade Hiram because her conscience made her feel a bit uneasy. Almost all he talked about was what kind of hired man he wanted and about the chicken house.

Just after the meal he asked Hannah for the money so he could order the lumber for the chicken house. Hannah didn't know what to do. She couldn't give it to him. She made some kind of mumbled excuse and he went out grumbling.

How could she tell him!

She kept putting it off all the afternoon. Finally at supper she told him—

"Er, Hiram, I'm going to New York. I'm going tomorrow morning early. You'll have to shift for yourself for the next two weeks, hired men or no hired men. I've decided and nobody—not even you—can stop me."

"Why, Hannah you're only fooling; aintcha? Why, you can't go off and leave me with a new man coming and harvesting to be done! Besides where are you going to get the money?"

"I'm going to take my egg money, Hiram Jones. You aren't going to have it for the chicken house. I earned it myself and it's mine to do what I want with it."

"Why, Hannah, what's happened to yer? I have never seen you act like this before. What's got into you? You ain't ailing; be you?"

"No, I'm not ailing, Hiram Jones. I just woke up to the fact that I haven't had that trip we've been going to take for the last thirty years. I guess it's about time I did

take it. Doing all your work since we've been married, without a vacation. Yessir, I'm going! I'm going tomorrow. I've got my bag all packed and everything—"

At this point she burst out crying. It was too much for her. It was the first time she had dared to speak like that to her husband. Hiram wasn't exactly one to be feared but he had a certain air about him that made one feel rather uneasy in his presence.

"Why, Hannah, don't cry. I didn't know you cared so much as all that about it. Why, I guess we can go. We can get Susie Whittaker to come over and keep house for the men. I guess I won't hire another man yet, and the chicken house can go;—I don't exactly need it."

"What do you mean *we*? You're not going; are you? Why, Hiram!"

"Well, now I guess it won't do any hurt; will it?"

"N-no, but you haven't enough money."

"Oh, don't worry about that. I guess I can dig up enough. You go ahead and pack my bag. And, Hannah, you might send her a telegram so she'll be expecting us."

"Y-yes Hiram."

Hiram's word had ruled again.

---

### "FRIEND CHICKADEE"

Charles Colman, '32

A sharp little *chirp chirp* comes from a tree  
On the clear cold winter's air,  
Which tells me that friend chickadee  
Is out for his daily fare;  
And from a snowy branch he chirps,  
"Friend chickadee is here."

He flits about from branch to branch  
Without the slightest fear;  
And chirps to me the whole day long  
With all his merry cheer  
To tell the whole fantastic world,  
"Friend chickadee is here."

And when the blust'ry winter gale  
Has left it cold and bleak,  
And all the life has left the trail  
To seek some warm retreat,  
I still can hear the *chirp chirp chirp*  
"Friend chickadee is here."



## A SEA TALE

Charles Shultz, '33

"Come on, Grandpa, please tell us a story about a ship wrecked at sea," pleaded Jack and Jane.

"Well, to tell you for the last time, I have no tale to tell you that you haven't already heard, but nevertheless I will endeavor to tell you the story of how the good ship *Booth* weathered one of the most severe storms that happened on the Atlantic in 1917.

"The ship, an old bark, was commanded by Captain Edward H. Booth for whom the boat was named.

"Edward Booth, nicknamed Ed, was a strong, sturdy, well-built man of fifty-three, who had sailed in all the seven seas, and knew every knot there ever was.

"He was bound for the West Indies with a cargo of lumber, and had put to sea the morning of January 15, 1917 with ten men. The weather was calm for the first two or three days, but as they came further down the coast, the weather grew colder until the thermometer dropped to zero. The sky darkened and the rain began to fall just as Mother Nature drew the curtain over the sun. All the sails were ordered down except the main sail and foresail.

"The storm broke at 7.15 p. m. and lasted until the next morning. During that time, three of the masts had been ripped away, and what sails were left were of no use. The storm began with a light breeze that rose to a severe gale; next came the thunder and lightning, then rain, turning to hail stones, and then to a driving sleet. They shot off guns and found that they had drifted many miles off their course. At midnight the second mate came in and reported that he had seen a light off the starboard side. The captain looked at his compass and then at his chart, and ordered the wheel hard over, but it was too late. The ship struck Harding's Ledge off the Boston Light. The waves pounded on the side of the boat; the remaining two masts were ripped off, and the ship sank with all hands.

"That was the story of the ship *Booth* that sailed the wintry sea that night of January 18, 1917."

"Gee! That sure was a good story," exclaimed Jack.

"You bet it was, Grandpa," said Jane.

"Well, now you have heard the story, you must go to bed because you have to go to school tomorrow."

"Good-night."

## TO DO OR NOT TO DO

Herbert Dwyer, '30

To do, or not to do! that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The D's and E's of outrageous lessons  
Or to take pens against pages of French  
And by doing so end them? To work: to study  
No more; and by an A to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand parental shocks  
That offsprings are heir to; 'tis a report card  
Devoutly to be wished. To work: to study  
To study; perchance to finish,—Aye there's the rub;  
For in that trial of finishing, what daydreams may come  
When we have trotted off to school,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes dreary so long a day.  
For who would bear the gibes and words of teachers,  
The pupil's wrong, the proud boy's detention  
The pangs of despised chem, the test's delay  
The insolence of marks, and the torture  
That patient merit of the worthy takes  
When he himself his liberation might make,  
But that the thought of something worse than school,  
The unknown working world from whose dread bourne  
No school pupil returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?

---

## DAWN

Frances Alexander, '31

The dawn comes up in silence  
In a beautiful silvery blue  
And over the whole dominion  
Spreads many a different hue.

The cock in the distance is crowing  
And the ground is covered with dew  
As there on the waves of the ocean  
The dawn creeps slowly through.

## MARY LOU REFORMS

Ruth Damon, '31

Mary Lou was a very modern young lady. She liked sports and dancing and she was the "bestest" little singer for miles around. She was the small petite type. Her gold red curls went just perfectly, according to the style, around her head. She perhaps overdid her type a little. She always wore long dangling ear rings. Her dresses had been extremely short, but now that the style had changed, they were extremely long.

At a party Mary Lou was always the center of attraction, —not just because she was pretty, for really there were prettier girls there, but because she was always lively and happy and care free. She owned a low-slung vermilion roadster and she never was in it but there was a crowd with her.

Now Mary Lou was a senior in high school; she was to graduate the coming summer. When she graduated, she told her friends she was going to business college. They laughed at her and told her that the only business she would learn would be to stay home and enjoy life.

Mary Lou had organized a sleigh ride and she was in the best of spirits. Never had they seen her look so happy and snappy as when she was planning it.

There were to be two puns of the "Gang" going. What a good time they had that night. There were about forty of them, all laughing and telling jokes and singing. Some one had a banjo; others, ukes; and Bill, a live wire, a sax. But in the midst of all this, Mary Lou was unusually quiet. They all took it as a joke and "kidded" her as the evening wore on and she continued so. Finally, Bill, her old pal, sought her out, after first turning his "howler" over to some one else.

"What's the matter, Lou?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, I don't know," Mary sighed, glad to have some one to talk seriously to. "Before we left, I happened to pick up the paper and I read an article that just set me to thinking. But I'll be all right." She attempted a smile, but it broke pitifully. "You know, Bill," she said, "I've been thinking and I've decided to quit this life and be more sedate and do some studying."

"Oh, come on. Snap out of it," Bill said; "you know you will get the valedictory as it is."

But no one could brighten Mary Lou up.

At a party a night or two after, Mary Lou appeared—and such a Mary Lou. Gone were the high heels and the ear rings. Gone was the long floppy skirt, for a simple, dress of medium length. And last but not least, gone was the happy smile.

A rather wistful one had taken its place. There was no doubt about it; Mary Lou had reformed.

She certainly had been doing some heavy thinking. She sat quietly in a big chair beside the fire-place, and by herself. No amount of coaxing could get her to give her usual exhibition dance and song.

A month passed and Mary Lou's marks in school gradually rose. But her spirits sunk. Her friends stood it as long as they could. They simply could not get along without Mary Lou.

"Why, she must be going dipsy!" they said among them.

At last Mary Lou broke, too. She would drop this role she was playing and be herself. But she would keep on with her studying and she would get that valedictory.

At the next party, she arrived and all the fellows and girls exclaimed with wonder and admiration. She had gone back to the long skirts and the high heels, and never had her ear rings been so long. Her hair was short and in ringlets, and never before had her smile been so gay and beautiful.

"Well, we're glad you came to and decided to live," they cried.

"So am I. Come on, gang," she cried. "The article said that the younger generation was terrible but I think it is darn good." And she ran to the center of the floor and started the "Breakaway" rolling.

---

#### DAWN

Louise Nichols, '31

Where the early dawn is breaking  
And the shadows swiftly flee,  
The sun its course is making  
On every leaf and tree.

'Tis there that we awaken  
To a new and sparkling world,  
To find the night's forsaken  
And the sun its flag unfurled.

## A SPRING DAY IN THE WOODS

Helen Spear, '33

What enchanting sounds I hear as I walk through the woods! I stand erect for a moment to listen. I hear a little brook babbling merrily toward the sea. It seems to invite me to drink of its clear water and dip my feet in it 'this warm spring day. I hear the leaves of oak and birch trees rustling as a gentle breeze passes through them. I move on a short distance, but pause to listen as a small bird calls to his mate. He calls in an anxious tone and, as he does not hear his mate, he calls again. Receiving no answer this time, he flies away, deciding that she has gone elsewhere.

Walking on, I come to some pine trees whispering to each other as the crows caw loudly over their heads. As I move father on, dry twigs crackle under my feet. Hark! what is that sweet tone breaking through the stillness of the forest? It is a songster clearly singing his spring song to his audience, the babbling brook, the rustling trees, and the whispering pines. Perhaps the pines are whispering about his beautiful song. How much nicer in the springtime are Nature's sounds than those of the city!

## THE CRY OF SPRING

Jeanette Nichols, '31

What is it that makes us smile sometimes,  
When other times we'd sigh,  
When the bright red sun has risen above  
And the earth 'wakes with the cry?

Why is it on a bright spring morn,  
We wake and are happy and gay,  
And shout with gladness all day long  
'Til the very last sign of day?

The reason is this as you may have guessed,  
That spring brings nothing but cheer;  
The flowers, the birds, nature and all  
Seem to awake and hear.

So let us, when we start to frown,  
Remember that spring is here,  
And set to work with a willing hand  
That will drive away all fear.



## HEAPS O'THINGS

Esther Perry, '32

Even when Shonnie was a very little girl she'd had an utterly mad streak that cropped out now and then in the form of preference for the rough warmth of the crazy carpet under the huge side board in the living room, to the inviting pillows of the divan.

Grown-up talk interested her immensely, and she'd sit, wide-eyed, on a hard, extremely uncomfortable chair for hours on end listening gravely, until that inevitable ogre, Sleep, crept out of the shadows in the chimney corner and claimed its due. Then—away to the den under the side board and—what price sleep?

"A queer young un" her grandfather labeled her.

A brown paper bag of lobster claws and a spare hour never failed to find her ensconced in the leafiest, most hidden bower of the apple tree, meditating gravely or reading one of the most grotesque of fairy tales.

And now—now that she is seventeen and to all appearances a sane and sensible being, she is madder still! Why only last week I chanced to drop in at her house and as it was raining, a bitter soul-searing downpour, I stretched my damp legs more than gratefully toward the hot blaze that ripped up the chimney place.

In ten minutes' time Shonnie, the mad, appeared on the stair landing.

And *such* a Shonnie! A ragged tuck-in sweater peeped unashamed between the lapels of a faded green slicker. Pulled low over the turned-up nose and concealing a lone freckle that struggled gravely for existence on its bridge, was a hat—one such as you had never imagined existed; a black hat, a tipsy, scowling, battered flat hat with an air of having been jammed to the farthest depths of a smelly ragbag and resurrected in a moment of compassion, or hasty need.

Shonnie grinned unabashed and continued to plod down the stairs toward me. With each bold step I became more acutely conscious of her shoes! Why, they flipped and flapped and wavered uncertainly in their descent; and when at last they gained the bottom step, I observed that they reared their heads and growled and squeaked menacingly at the mere thought of even one more tramp. Surely a walk of any length at all would completely annihilate these poor "soles," I reflected.

With another gamin grin and a bang of the front door Shonnie was off—and the quite respectable purple umbrella that stood in the corner by the door rustled rather indignantly, as a woman scorned.

I watched the swinging progress of the fool-hardy girl as she paced off up the street, and wondered musingly if there hadn't been a roguish banshee abroad the day she was created.

When, after two hours of incessant downpour, I heard a shout kitchenward, a whack of wet rubber on the floor, and the shower of shaken raindrops on smooth tiles, I ambled thence and beheld Shonnie shaking raindrops from her eyelashes and wriggling soaked stocking feet out of the martyred shoes.

The moody, discontented frown that had sat so unbecomingly on her young face was gone, and in its place was a completely cherubic smile. Why, the shine of her, the whole-hearted wave and glow of her, and the gay kink in her sopping hair quite took my breath away. I found myself wondering uneasily about that banshee—he couldn't have been such an awful dud after all—a bit temperamental perhaps, but he certainly had an eye for the lightning of eyes and the curl of a smile!

And then—that very night, as though I hadn't already had enough of sheer nonsense,—as I was puffing across the street after having mailed a letter in the corner box, I heard the scrunch of snow under light feet and out of the perfect blizzard that was howling in my face, came Shonnie, brown throat open to the gale and glowing face adrip with melting crystals. And as though already her small feet weren't thoroughly soaked, she *scuffed*—actually *scuffed*—in the drifted snow! I shook my head wonderingly and asked her rather humbly (for surely such happiness as hers isn't to be scorned) what she saw in all this—roaming around the square in a snow storm getting soaking wet and scaring people to death? She laughed, did Shonnie, and I could have sworn that the banshee was *there* for how else did that lilt rise?

Shonnie linked her arm in mine and answered, "What do I see, Dee? Oh—heaps o'things!" And she included in a gesture the mounds and heaps of downy snow that lay piled on the dim landscape. "Um," I heard the banshee chuckle. "Yes, ice palaces and gnome's houses, hidden fairy ruins and—as you can very plainly see 'Heaps o'things!!!"

## MY DOG

Elizabeth Willard, '30

My dog is what people commonly call a "mongrel" or a "yellow cur." He, being a mixture of collie and German police, is subject to these insulting names and many others. Even if he is a "cheesehound," he can roll over for a piece of cake if you keep at him long enough. The thing he does most easily is sitting up with his paws on the table to ask for his tea or coffee. No doubt this helps him to be more of a mongrel as no aristocratic dog would drink—tea or coffee. His greatest achievement is singing. When there is company at home, Dad is sure to ask me to make that dog sing. No one else has enough breath. I will sing an octave higher than any prima donna ever sang; my face gets as red as a cooked beet; and still that foolish dog sits at my feet, cocking his ears and head and looking up into my face, no doubt wondering why I make such a "jack" of myself. When at last he joins me, his voice sounds like a fog horn. Our two voices do not blend harmoniously. Trying to get that doggie to sing is worse than trying to start our car on a cold winter's morn. But just the same I would not sell my "mongrel pup" for any amount of money.

## APRIL

Barbara Knox, '33

April showers are coming;  
 Winter winds have gone;  
 Soon will be the blue birds  
 From their winter home.

Then the buds will open  
 In the sunny air;  
 To all the little garden folks,  
 So merry and so fair.

## THE CHIMES

Paul Bresnahan, '33

C is for its contents that didn't come from Rome,  
 H is for the happiness the "Chimes" brings to your home,  
 I is for the interest that in it scholars take,  
 M is for the make-up, like frosting on a cake.  
 E is for endorsers who bought at our behest,  
 S is for the students who contributed their best.

## WAITING

Harriet Pierce, '31

Imagine yourself, for a few minutes, to be waiting for a friend on a busy street corner in a large city. People are hurrying to and fro like a swarm of bees, each intent upon his own business and not paying the slightest attention to you.

You arrive, we will suppose, a few minutes early, hoping that you will not have to wait long. At first you amuse yourself by noticing the different people that pass by, whether they are rich or poor, sad or happy, and whether they are of the working or leisure class. You soon tire of this occupation. Then you begin to watch the clock opposite or your wrist watch, both of which show you the correct time.

She, your friend, must surely arrive now, you say to yourself. It is almost past the time appointed,—and you shift your weight to the other foot.

You begin to scan the various faces carefully now for a glimpse of a familiar face, but none appears. Then you are actually nervous. You watch the clock anxiously, comparing it with your watch,—but then, she said that she might be a few minutes late. Probably she was unavoidably detained at the last second, you try to reassure yourself. That must be the reason, but it couldn't take this long. You are not so sure.

It is then that your mind follows a flight of wild imaginings. Perhaps she has been run over and has been taken to a hospital, seriously hurt. Maybe she is terribly ill. Maybe—but you can't even think of the horrible things that might have happened.

Oh, a sigh of relief escapes unconsciously. She is coming now. You can just barely see her smiling face through the crowd. All unconscious of your anxiety, she hurries toward you saying that she hopes you haven't been waiting very long. She was just talking with an old friend, whom she hadn't seen for years. You smile and say that it was all right.

How we cause ourselves unnecessary torture by worrying and lack of patience! It isn't worth the toll it takes.

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Mr. Cole: What is the difference between the Paris Pact and the Kellogg Pact?

Jerry: Oh, just a matter of cornflakes.

My Story from the Painting  
"THE END OF THE TRAIL"  
Ellen Merritt, '33

Probably everyone has seen the painting "The End of the Trail." This painting has been copied by other artists but the real painting itself is beautiful. It is symbolic of the Indians' last stand. It is a picture of an Indian mounted on a brown horse whose head is lowered and tail drooped. The Indian has a spear under his arm and his head is lowered as if he were praying for help as he realizes that he has no chance of seeing his friends again. The Indian and the horse are on what seems to be the top of a mountain or a cliff at sunset. The sky has the most beautiful colors of the rainbow in it. The picture itself is really a story and all people may have different opinions as to what it means. The story which I derive from this painting seems to me what it really means; but, of course your ideas may be different. My story is as follows:

About two hundred or more years ago, the Indians had a struggle with the white people of this country. This was most likely on account of the white people's driving the Indians back and cutting down their trees for the building of houses. The white people also killed the animals and wild birds which caused them to decrease. The Indians having stood this long enough, became angry, and they decided to fight for their own rights. The setting of this would probably be in New Hampshire, near the mountains or near the ocean.

The battle was started by the Indians attacking the white people on a bright summer afternoon. They fought all the afternoon, the white people holding the victories. They had killed many of the Indians, and those not killed were scattered away from the rest. In the middle of the afternoon, the white people were fighting against nine brave Indians. This struggle did not last long; all of the Indians but one had been killed. This one got onto one of the horses, and was riding away when he was shot by one of the white men, which later caused his death. He rode on and on, until at sunset, he reached the top of a mountain which he loved. In his younger life, he had played at this very spot and he had planned to be buried there. He halted the horse and took his last look at the beautiful scenery, as he knew he was dying. He patted the horse which had



brought him up here faithfully and safely. After this he lowered his head, and prayed to the Great Spirit in the Indian language, and asked him to help these men, and to repay the white people for what they had done to the Indians.

As it darkened, from the foot of the mountain the other Indians saw the figure on the horse. They knew who it was and they all prayed for the Indian who had come to the end of his life and also to the end of the trail.

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### ROOM XI

A is for Alwilda, beloved of an Earl,  
 B stands for Bresnahan who's somewhat of a churl.  
 C is for Carleton, always late-but "it's the bus"  
 D stands for delay, the best thing Jerry does.  
 E is for Elizabeth, as quiet as a mouse,  
 F stands for Frances, heard all o'er the house.  
 G is for George Dwight, a buddy to us all,  
 H stands for Humphrey who sleeps right through the call.  
 I is for each one of us, sure he leads the rest  
 J stands for Joe Barry who never is a pest.  
 K is for Eleanor Kent so dainty and petite  
 L stands for Lowell who always looks so neat.  
 M is for Murphy—he never comes on time  
 N stands for Nichols—our two would make a dime.  
 O is for orders by which Miss Craig does rule  
 P stands for Peters who stays not after school  
 Q is for John Quinn, a chemist of renown  
 R stands for Lucian whose sneezing makes us frown.  
 S is for Selwyn—the girls just think he's "grand"  
 T is for Tilden who loves a foreign land.  
 U is for understanding which cometh soon or late  
 V stands for Virginia—two girls and not one state.  
 W is for the Wilders, athletes both are they  
 X stands for excuses to go but not to stay  
 Y is for Mildred Young, an artist soon she'll be  
 And Z stands for the end of this but not of you and me.

ANONYMOUS

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Bunny: I heard your car has a wonderful pickup.

Bud: How is that?

Bunny: Picked up two blondes in one block.

## HOW THE GRAND CANYON GOT THAT WAY

Robert Bresnahan, '30

Now, children, pull your chairs up closer and I will tell you how the Grand Canyon of Colorado came to be.

Many thousands of years ago, before the Great Glacier came, this earth was populated by people who were just as intelligent as we are. The people who lived where we do today called themselves Americans and John Smith was just as popular a name then as it is now. These people were great cheese eaters. They ate slices of new cheese instead of bread. For dessert, they ate cheese that was five or ten years old and for Christmas dessert they ate fifty-year-old cheese.

One day John Smith decided that he would make a cheese and keep it until it was the oldest one in the world. Of course he knew that he couldn't eat the cheese himself but he meant that cheese to be an heirloom to be passed on from generation to generation until it was five hundred years old. John did his work well and the cheese was a masterpiece. His sons and grandsons were very faithful about taking care of it; but each grandson, as he came to own it, had a more difficult task because even a fifty year old cheese has a rather powerful odor. On its three hundredth birthday, John Smith, 10th, donned his rubber suit and gas mask and moved the cheese from its lead case to a nice new steel one. The lead case was badly corroded and hardly a fit place for such a noble cheese. On its four hundredth birthday, a man in a deep sea diving outfit poured it into a glass lined marble box for the cheese was almost liquid by then. The suit fell off the poor man before he could get far enough away and he died immediately. At last the day arrived. The cheese was five hundred years old. This time a mechanical man put the cheese into a granite box lined with glass and steel. The robot put the cheese in its case, into a radio-controlled airplane; and the president of the United States pressed the button that was to send the plane and its terrible cargo half way across the Pacific ocean and all the way to the bottom. But, the cheese was getting stronger every minute. It made a small hole in the side of the box and a drop fell out. It landed on a new steel and concrete railroad bridge just three minutes before the fast express did. There were only two survivors of that most mysterious train wreck. By that time the glass and steel were

completely dissolved and the granite was half gone. The plane then began to hit on only seventeen of its twenty-one cylinders. The president noticed this, and fearing that the cheese would fall out on some city, he changed the course to due south. He was just in time. The cheese ate a hole thru the granite and began to spill out. There was a series of tremendous explosions as the drops hit the ground. Great holes—some of them over a mile deep and all of them connected—appeared in the earth below. For two hundred and seventeen miles, the plane continued to fly, and then as there were only nine cylinders left, it fell.

After the Great Glacier came, a river started to flow through this series of holes and soon evened them off so that they resembled one long trench. Scientists today will tell you that the river made the canyon, but you and I know better.

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### SPRING

Winifred Bartington, '33

What makes us want to laugh and smile?  
What make our hearts to ring?  
What makes us stop and play awhile?  
Why! 'Tis the thrill of Spring.

We hear the frogs in loud applause.  
We hear the robins sing.  
The wood is full of life, because  
It is awak'ning Spring.

The crocuses stick up their heads,  
The wild rose fragrance brings,  
The violets leave their wintry beds.  
Just because it's Spring.

The trees show signs of 'wakened life  
And shelter the blue bird's wing.  
The world forgets all war and strife  
In the joyousness of Spring.

There're smiles on all the faces.  
The towns with laughter ring.  
Of sorrow there're no traces,  
Because it's happy Spring.

## IF I WERE QUEEN

Alwilda Hendrickson, '30

Often the words, "If I were king," have been repeated but I shall say, "If *I* were *queen*—."

In an old, medieval castle on a mountain top, where the white clouds nestle and rest half-way between earth and sky, is the seat of my regal supremacy. The ascent to the castle is steep and impassable. In the distance, as I can see while out floating in my magic chair, is the most beautiful sight that ever the eyes of man have beheld. The slope is green, shading at evening to purple and blue, dotted with faintly perfumed roses, whose thorny stem render my stronghold so inaccessible. The castle, though old, perfects the scene, and an air of mystery pervades the atmosphere.

Turning my chair homeward, I arrive at the castle gate and float lightly over. The door opens, attended by a trustworthy guard clothed in purple velvet with a jeweled cap.

I am carefully lifted from the chair and proceed to go by a golden elevator to my boudoir. Once within, I recline on the pale cream satin lounge with a cobwebby coverlet thrown across me, while my beautiful glass slippers are removed. A perfume of orchids fills the air and I know without looking that the Prince Orlando of Andromania has paid his daily tribute.

Lanquidly I reach for the silver box which is constantly filled with violet-scented chocolates and raspberry bon bons. In a few minutes I must dress for dinner. Shall it be the cerise and black velvet or the dahlia satin? Ah, Marie has brought my yellow taffeta. That will suffice.

I descend the curving stairs, regally clothed in a marvelous creation. I extend my hand to the Prince—Crash!

What has happened? Did I fall? Ah, what a relief—why! where am I? Dreaming again, I suppose. Yes, and I must finish my home lessons.

Queen? Why what are you talking about? Listen if I were queen—

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Miss Elliott (in Com'l Geography): What is meant by the term, "corn-fed beef?"

Livia: Would it be corned beef?

## RULES AND REGULATIONS

'Twas September the ninth and all through the school  
Miss Craig could be heard, "Now this is the rule,  
In your seats at five of, and then not a sound  
'Til ten after the hour. Then do not bound  
From your desks—but just wait till I say  
'All right'—then to classes, or here you may stay,  
If you'll speak not a word or make not a noise,  
Just all try to be model girls—model boys,  
When study hour finds me before you all seated,  
Like ladies and gentlemen you will be treated.  
If you'll just form in line with your slips to be signed  
And take only five minutes of my precious time.  
Please don't leave your seats till the signal I give  
Or you'll stay after school just as sure as you live  
When you leave Room 11 for work or for game  
Just sign in my notebook—destination and name  
Column right—column left—or hot on your track  
Mr. Cole will send to bring you right back.  
These rules are not of my making you know  
And I tell them to you just so you may go  
In the way straight and narrow which leads not to sin  
But to the diploma you some day would win."

ANONYMOUS

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ROBERT BURNS  
Mary Westington, '30

One stormy evening we asked Mother for a story of her travelling experiences and she related this to us. This information she obtained while on her visit to Ireland and Scotland some years ago.

She described to us, a wee, stone hut located in Alloway, a small town on the west coast of Scotland. In this home-like, thatch-roofed cottage on January 25, 1759, Robert Burns was born. On the morning of this great day, it is said that a robin sat on the windowsill and sang merrily. Thus the child was given his name; for by his parents and friends he was known as "Robin."

His home was a crude little dwelling. It was very long and rather low. The floor was made of stone. The furniture was of the plainest kind, and in one corner stood the iron crane which held the kettles over the open fireplace.

"Robin" lived and grew much the same as the other



children in this little village until the time came for him to go to school. The school was another low-thatched cottage. Most of the teachers at this time were men masters and many of them were very stern. Each day opened with a short devotional service.

One morning while all the children's heads were bowed and all was very still, a curious intruder came down the rope which tolled the bell. After the service was over, the school-master offered a prize to the child who would write the best verse on the incident. To some of the little folks this was a huge task but Burns was not troubled with the assignment. In a short time his poem was finished and he had captured the honors. His poem was much longer but only these few lines are remembered:

"The rat that had no better stairs,  
Came down the rope to hear prayers."

And so this lad lived and grew until we know him as one of the celebrities of his country.

He did much to ennoble the humble, Scottish peasant's life. After he had joined the better class of people, he was seen talking to a poor man with shabby clothes one day. Upon being reprimanded for association with such a man, Burns said " 'Tis not the clothes that make the man."

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## THE AIRPLANE AS A WAR WEAPON

George Lowell, '31

There appeared in one of our local newspapers recently, a series of articles written by General Mitchell, a famous authority on aircraft, in which he discussed the future possibilities of airplane warfare and ridiculed the United States to a certain extent because of the unpreparedness of this country for the use of air forces in future wars.

When we stop to consider, we can see that the United States has not any too many fighting aircraft. It is true that we have wonderful coast defense, mammoth guns, anti-aircraft guns, super-dreadnoughts of the sea, tanks, machine guns, and other war equipment that was used in the past World War. But what good will all these do against huge bombing planes capable of launching with deadly accuracy a bomb of two-ton weight filled with high explosives and deadly gases? The most powerful battleship afloat could not withstand this menace. Future wars, General Mitchell says, will be fought entirely from the air. We can see that this is not entirely impossible.

Let us imagine a foreign power preparing for war against the United States. Great Britain, Japan, Italy, and all the rest have huge air forces to which our country has no equal. Any one of these foreign powers might set sail for our country with their planes safely housed in the huge airplane carriers. They would anchor their fleet one hundred miles or so off our coastline and from there they would send out their scouting planes and huge bombers which, loaded with deadly explosives, would fly over the chief cities of the United States and drop the deadly missiles on the unprotected occupants. One of these shells, says General Mitchell, would completely annihilate a city.

All the anti-aircraft guns and coast defence guns would be helpless before this onslaught.

So we can see that there is really something in the theory of this expert. Let us hope, however, that no more wars will menace our country, and bring into play that deadly implement of destruction, the airplane.

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#### ALUMNI NOTES FROM THE "KIBITZER"

*A Magazine Written, Edited and Published by*

R. Bresnahan, '30; E. Dillon, '30; H. Dwyer, '30

It is with great thankfulness and satisfaction that I have finally heard from our noble Alumni. After years of hard unceasing work, I have at last received word from the three members of that noble body. I, as the Kibitzer Alumni editor, have been working since 1950 in an effort to get in communication with them, so that the Kibitzer readers could read of what success each had made of his life.

It was not until 1953 that a letter arrived at the Kibitzer office suite from Alfernageopatheatheaticowisti, Siberia, stating that Mr. Ernest Dillon, formerly of the Kibitzer staff, was in that city, which we all know is the largest in the world. After receiving this letter we immediately got into communication with Mr. Dillon with the aid of some multi-vibro thought waves. After co-transmitting thought with him I got a lead as to where the other two members were. By 1955 we found that Mr. Robert Bresnahan was in the city of Lepigwistan in the now frigid equatorial zone. In the early part of 1956 we located Mr. Herbert Dwyer in Torridia, in Antarctica.

As we have not developed our thought wave transmission to a very high degree I asked each member to write a letter telling of his life. I have taken pains to recopy each

letter in full, and I hope that the Kibitzer readers will be pleased with the information contained in each.

L 8 E 26

Alfernageopatheaticowisti,  
Central Siberia,  
February 6, 1953

It is with great pleasure that I have heard from my old friends again. I am, as you probably know, in Central Siberia. I will tell you something of my home city. It is the largest in the world with a total area of twenty-five square miles and a population of three billion people. (This which I am calling a city is really only an enormous building.) In the center of the building is a small meeting room. The streets of this city, or building as you may wish to call it, are not marked as they are in Scituate for the simple reason that there are no streets; there are only corridors. From the meeting room I have just mentioned the building radiates in all directions in the form of a huge cylinder. It rises to a height of three hundred and fifty stories and descends into the earth the same distance. From the center to the outmost edge is exactly the same distance as from the earth level to the roof.

As you will notice, I have started my letter with L 8 E 36. That corresponds to your street and house number. The markings of the rooms all start from the central meeting room. For instance, where I live the L means lower or subterranean. L 8 means eight stories beneath the surface while E stands for east and E 36 means east thirty-six stories. This system makes everything very easy to find.

On top of the city the roof has a ten-foot covering of earth so that agriculture, and all ordinary land conditions exist here. This roof might be compared to a large plot of your country property.

Light, ventilation, and electricity generation are all carried on by means of water which is supplied by the rainfall. I will explain the process. All the rainfall which is not absorbed by the earth on the roof is allowed to filter through onto glass sheets which conduct it to a huge reservoir situated on the top floor. This reservoir has access to the direct rays of the sun. By a process, which I, myself, will have to modestly admit the inventing of, a preparation put into the water, causes the water to confine the rays of the sun until we wish to make use of them again. Through a

network of ultra-violet-ray-admitter tubes, which touch every room in the city, this water with the confined light rays is allowed to fall. As the water falls through the tubes, the light rays are diffused equally to all rooms so that every room is lighted at all times by these light-rays from the sun. These rays also contain their original heat so that all rooms are heated to an equal, healthful temperature. Half the energy of falling water is converted into electricity, while the rest of the energy is used in forcing the water back to the top again. This supply is re-rayed again by the soluray process and used again. This falling water also causes air currents which completely ventilate the building. We have enough excess of the rayed water to carry us through any period in which the sun should not appear. I am inventor, owner, and general overseer of all this system. I have now well over two billion dollars in my personal fortune. I am very happy with my wife and children, and I hope all of my friends in Scituate are happy too.

Yours truly,

Ernest Dillon

14 Gogistan Via

Lepigwistan, Equatofrigid

Kibitzer,

June 4, 1955

I am very glad to hear from you. I understand you wish to know of my success and surroundings. Well, I shall endeavor to enlighten you about both. I am now in Equatorfrigid which was formerly the warmest place this side of Hades, but which is now as cold as a girl's icy stare. It is all my fault. How can I ever repair my mistake. Oh, the injustice of it all after my trying my best to alleviate the heat of this district,—to get this result. It is indeed terrible. I will tell you about it.

While in school twenty years ago, I had occasion to give intensive study to the torrid zone. After reading about the disease and suffering caused by the intense heat, I decided that my life's work would be to lessen these people's discomfort. With this determination in mind, I embarked for Lepigwistan with my personal chemical outfit. I had already determined that this alleviation was to be done by chemical and not by mechanical means.

For fifteen years I labored to find a method to lessen this intense heat. Finally I found a way.

By mixing three chemicals together, I evolved a gas

which would unite with the air of this zone and form a sort of shield, which would allow the sun's rays to penetrate but which would hold back the heat. I found that a small quantity of this gas did not have the desired effect, but that I should have to loose the necessary quantity at once. This gas, you must realize, worked only in the case of the torrid zone. The way I figured was that I could collect enough gas and let it go at once; then the earth would become cooler. If the earth became too cool, then the gas that I had evolved would lose some of its properties and allow enough heat to enter to warm the earth to normal. This, as you see, would always keep the earth in a temperate climate.

Working on this idea, I evolved my gas and launched it abroad into the atmosphere. Everything went as planned; the gas formed the shield and kept out the heat and the torrid zone became gradually cooler. But, alas, the other part of my theory did not work. The earth after cooling below normal did not warm up again as expected; instead, it grew steadily colder. The cold air on the gas I had evolved had caused this gas to unite more firmly with the air. In a short while the torrid zone had become a place worse than frigid, and for five years I have been experimenting, planning, and devising methods to remove my gas from the air, but I am afraid I shall never succeed. In attempting to remove a blight from the earth I have saddled the earth with a much worse blight.

Sorrowfully yours,

Robert Bresnahan.

18 Solidio Place  
Torrididia, Antarctica,  
January 3, 1956

Hello folks,

How's everything? I'm a salesman now. Can I sell you anything? No! Then I'll give you some talk free of charge. I'm living down in the little country of Antarctica. Gee, the weather's great. We haven't had a day below 40° F in ten years. You know how cold it used to be down here when little Dick Byrd was puttering around here about twenty-six years ago. Well, it's all changed now. You see, ever since they found they could burn the coal underground and convert it into energy much cheaper than they could mine it, everything has been balmy down here. This coal, burning under the surface, has warmed all



Antaretia and made a veritable paradise of it.

All the surplus gas that is evolved, on seeping up through the earth, acts as a fertilizer so that we have the best loam to be found in the universe. Why, even the luxurious dirt that was recently found on Mars cannot compare with this. We have wonderful foliage, all kinds of fruit trees, and everything in the line of agriculture, and plenty of forests. To get back to my business, I am, as I said, a salesman. I sell numerous things. I will described the two most important.

I sell temperature ice cream,—perhaps you don't know what that is. Well, I have invented a process by which when it gets a little too cool down here to eat ordinary ice cream, the ice cream becomes warmer and acts on the system just like that good old beverage, hot chocolate.

I have also manufactured the apparatus for a sport which is very popular down here. It is called Shiraqua. A small four-wheeled car with a highly polished top about three feet wide and six feet long is mounted on some well-greased wheels. These rails are about one-fourth of a mile long, with a slight grade. The racks end abruptly about two feet in the air. Beyond the ends of the tracks is a cement swimming pool about three hundred yards long. To participate in this sport one must have perfect coordination of all muscles. The participant lies flat on the top of the car which starts at the lower end of the grade. The person has no grip on the car except at the front end to keep him from sliding off backwards. The car, which is driven by a powerful motor starts up the grade. It increases its speed to about eighty miles an hour. When it reaches the end of the rail, a paddled bumper stops the car immediately, but the occupant goes flying off into the air to land in the pool of water. The record distance for being thrown is held by myself. I raised the speed of the car to ninety miles an hour and was catapulted exactly two hundred and twenty-five yards. No other person has come within fifty yards of reaching this record. If the people of Scituate wish to try this sport, write to me and I will give you detailed information about it. Perhaps I can sell some of them the whole apparatus which is built and sold by the Dwyer Antartcia Shiraqua Company. I am very well off and I wish my Kibitzer friends the best of luck.

Yours for a sale,

Herbert Dwyer

# Senior Biographies



ANNIE BARRY

Commercial Course

Glee Club (1) (2), Minstrel Show (2), Ticket Committee (4).

Annie is a demure miss. We don't hear much from her but she is right there every time.

DOROTHEA BIASEY

General Course

Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Named member of All-Star team of League (3).

Can she play basket ball? Just put a ball in her hand and watch it skim through the rim. And don't think that's all she can do, either.



LIVIA BONGARZONE

Commercial Course

Glee Club (1) (2), Orchestra (1) (2), Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes* (3), Business Manager of *Chimes* (4), Senior Class Play (4), Secretary and Treasurer of History Club (4), Baseball (3), Basket Ball (3) (4), Captain Basket Ball team (4).

Every body loves Livia. Though she is already overburdened with commercial prizes, her secretarial ability will gain her more in the years to come.



ROBERT BRESNAHAN

Scientific Course

Glee Club (1) (2), Football (3) (4), Orchestra (1) (2) (3), Minstrel Show (2), Class Play (4) President Vocational Civics Club (3), Assistant Manager Baseball Team (4), *Chimes* Board (1).

Bang! Boom! Crash! Bob is in the "lab" again. He'll soon be an accomplished chemist.

GERALD DELAY

General Course

Vice President Senior Class (4), Glee Club (1), (2), Minstrel Show (2), A. A. Play (3), Treasurer of Vocational Civics Club (3), Football (3) (4), Baseball (3), Manager Basket Ball Team (4), *Chimes* Staff (2) (4), Tennis (3), Swimming Team (4).

When it comes to airplanes and end-runs, Jerry can't be beaten. Put him on a job and the job is done.



ERNEST DILLON

Scientific Course

Class Treasurer (1) (2), Vice President A. A. (2), Manager Football (3) (4), Manager Basketball (3), Manager Baseball (4), Track Team (3) (4), Senior Class Play (4), A. A. Play (3), Minstrel Show (2), Glee Club (1) (2), *Chimes* Staff (2) (3) (4).

The busy man of the senior class. One can always see Ernest dashing hither, thither, and yon, in and about the building, on some errand for either teacher, student, or "sweetheart."



GEORGE DWIGHT

General Course

Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), *Double-Crossed* (3), Minstrel Show (2), Baseball (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Football (3) (4), Senior Class Play (4), Tennis (3) (4).

Our champion debater and actor. Come into our History Class some day and hear him argue. Buddy rehearses to the fishes out on the deep blue sea.

HERBERT DWYER

General Course

*Chimes* Staff (3) (4), President of Glee Club (4), Class President (1), Class Treasurer (4), Minstrel Show (2), *Double-Crossed* (3), Class Play (4), Swimming Team (4), Track Team (4), Football (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Beep! Beep! Here comes Herbie. Among many other accomplishments he makes a good Chinaman.



ALWILDA HENDRICKSON

College Course

*Chimes* Staff (3) (4), Basket Ball (3) (4), Glee Club (3), Class Play (4).

Alwilda is the equestrian of our class. She is a student of unquestionable ability and a sincere worker for the class.

## THE CHIMES



FRANCIS MURPHY

General Course

Baseball (1) (2), Orchestra (1) (2), Glee Club (1) (2), Minstrel Show (2), *Double-Crossed* (3).

Francis is our musician. Whether it be with voice or instrument no one can touch him. And can he dance? Well, I guess he can.

MARJORIE LITCHFIELD

College Course

Class Secretary (3), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Vocational Guidance Activity Committee (3), Assistant Editor of the *Chimes* (4), Vice President of Girls' Glee Club (4).

Marjorie can not decide whether she will study art or music. Whether she chooses the former or the latter, you can count on her leading the rest.



EARL NICHOLS

General Course

Baseball (2) (3), Football (3) (4), Track (3) (4), Basket Ball (2) (3) (4), Swimming Team (4).

Not just another athlete, but one on whom you can always count in pinches. And he surely is an accomplished artist with those boxing gloves.





LEWIS PETERS

General Course

Football (3) (4), Senior Class Activities Committee (4), Finance Committee (3).

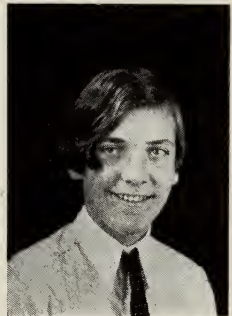
We all know Lewis as our High School representative in the South Shore Flying Club. He comes in handy to answer questions on aviation.

LENORE SHEPARD

Commercial Course

Basket Ball (4), Glee Club (3), Minstrel Show (2), Baseball (3), Uke Club (2).

Lenore is our radio performer. Tune in some night when she is on the air and hear her play those chimes.



MARY STEWART

Commercial Course

Class President (2), Asst. Manager Basketball Team (3), Minstrel Show (2), Glee Club (1) (2), Senior Class Play, Ticket Committee (4), Senior Activity Committee March and April (4).

Mary is a quiet little girl, but with lots to her credit. Scituate High School will lose another good girl student when she graduates.



ROBERT TAYLOR

General Course

Class Baseball (1) (3), Property Committee, Senior Play (4), Finance Committee (3), Track (3) (4).

Robert is our pharmacist. You can see him any night with a prescription in one hand and his copy of Virgil's *Aeneid* in the other.

SAMUEL TILDEN

Classical Course

President of Class (3) (4), Vice President of Class (1) (2), A. A. Play (3), Class Play (4), Football (3) (4), Baseball (3), Captain Tennis Team (3), Asst-Editor of *Chimes* (3), Editor-in-Chief of *Chimes* (4), President Vocational Civics Club, (3).



PHILLIP TURNER

General Course

Baseball (1), Football (3) (4), Orchestra (2) (3) (4).

Even wise men sleep. Just the same Phillip is right on the job when it comes to salesmanship and the fairer sex.



JOSEPHINE WELCH

Commercial Course

Glee Club (1) (2), Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Secretary of A. A. (1), Captain Basket Ball Team (3), Class Editor of the *Chimes* (3), Vice President of Class (3), Minstrel Show (2), Dramatic Editor of the *Chimes* (1).

That's right, Joe! Make another basket. Josephine plays basket ball and she knows her game.

MARY WESTINGTON

Commercial Course

Glee Club (1) (2), Orchestra (1) (2), Minstrel Show (2), Senior Class Play (4), Class Secretary (1) (2) (4), Class Treasurer (3), President History Club (4).

Not just another business woman, but an executive of rare ability. Mary is some little actress too.



MALCOLM WILDER

General Course

Glee Club (1) (2), Basket Ball (2) (3) (4), Basket Ball Captain (4), Football (3) (4), Track (3) (4), Class Play (4), President A. A. (4).

"Speech is silver. Silence is gold." Whether it be on the athletic field or in the class room, "Huck" is right there with the goods.

## THE CHIMES



MERLE WILDER

Classical Course

Glee Club (1) (2), Uke Club (2) (3), *Double-Crossed* (3), Minstrel Show (2), Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4), Baseball (3), Basket Ball (3) (4).

Merle is a very prominent member of our class. If you can't find Merle, go down to the Art Room, and you will see her behind a pile of paints, brushes, crayons, etc.

ELIZABETH WILLARD

General Course

Activity Committee (4), Minstrel Show (2), *Double-Crossed* (3).

Elizabeth is one of our stellar Art students and one of the most helpful members of our class.



MILDRED YOUNG

Classical Course

Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Chairman Vocational Civics Activity Committee (3), Chairman Activity Committee of Glee Club (4).

Miss Freeman has to look out when Mildred is around. She surely does know her languages.



## EXCHANGES

Esther Perry, '32

Frank Vinal, '31

How often in the first thrilling moment that the new *Chimes* is laid in your hands you find yourself eagerly thumbing pages looking for the pictures, thrill stories, and the changing "hilarity department!"

How seldom is the mad rush dedicated to the little column labeled Exchanges! Yet, in the language of school publications "exchange" should be a synonym for "friendship" in every sense of the word. For, through this medium we are given the privilege of disregarding conventionalities and entering into the vital discussions of fellow publications. If we had no such department how should we be able to tell the *Harpoon* of Dartmouth High that their cuts are simply grand? How could we inform the *Voice* of Sharon High that each issue outdoes the last—and the *Midget* of Sylvester High that it has more than a few future geniuses under its motherly wing? Surely when we feel an overwhelming desire to assure *Laselle Leaves* that her dignified Editorial Department is sincere and fine, and beg the *Spice Box* of Avon High to join the fun and install an Exchange Department, we couldn't find time nor means to dash over there—so we send along a friendly message cheerfully labeled *Exchange* and all is well!

More gay jottings are shipped off to tell the originator of the *Medical Man* department in the *Sunset Stampede* that this is the nearest thing to high school "patter" we've ever seen; to the *Orange* and *Black* of Jersey Shore High suggesting that they leave their cover design strictly alone—it is gay and warm and vital.



Turning the pages of *Sachem* of Memorial High School, we find that the cuts are the drollest yet—a giggle per page—that's *Sachem*.

We feel inclined to rush our exchanges with *Brocktonia* of Brockton High in the hope that we may be invited to a meeting of one of those most interesting clubs mentioned in their Club Department.

All in all we've decided that if you stick to your exchange, fellow publications, everybody will come out on top.

*Hermaid* of Hingham High, the *Radiator* of Somerville High, the *Student's Pen* of East Bridgewater and the *Partridge* of our neighboring town, Duxbury, are others of our friends listed highly in the Exchange Departments and to them and all the others we extend our warmest thanks for their fine criticisms and a cordial invitation to—call again!

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### SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR

#### Class Editors

Gerald Delay, '30

Arthur Spear, '31

Charles Colman, '32

Paul Bresnahan, '33

September 9—The following officers were elected for the Senior Class: Samuel Tilden, President; Gerald Delay, Vice-president; Mary Westington, Secretary; Herbert Dwyer, Treasurer.

September 10—The following officers were elected for the Junior Class: George Lowell, President; Frank Vinal, Vice-president; Dorothy Knox, Secretary; Arthur Spear, Treasurer.

September 11—The following officers were elected for the Sophomore Class: Hollis Young, President; John Jakubens, Vice-president; Vera Chipman, Secretary; John Fabbello, Treasurer.

September 12—The following officers were elected for the Freshman Class: George James, President; Paul Young, Vice-president; Winifred Bartington, Secretary; Eleanor Sylvester, Treasurer.

October 18—The Sophomore class was unable to give its usual party for the Freshmen on account of complications due to the rebuilding of the school.

November 22—The Junior class of the High School presented *Apple Blossom Time* to a capacity house at the Woman's Club House.

December 10—All the members of the school visited the Woman's Club and received a fine entertainment.

December 12—Merle Wilda and Alwilda Hendrickson visited the Boston Normal Art School at Boston. Both girls are planning to take an art course after graduation.

December 16—The Senior class selected a three-act comedy, entitled *The Colonel's Maid*, to be given as a means of raising money for their class trip.

December 20—The Junior class reported that the net profit on *Apple Blossom Time* was about \$75.00.

December 26—The student body elected the editorial board of the *Chimes*.

January 6—Elizabeth Abbot of the sophomore class received honorable mention in the annual *Butterick* Dressmaking Contest.

January 13—Gertrude Glynn of the Freshman class returned after a long absence due to an operation for appendicitis.

January 14—Mildred Bresnahan of the Junior Class and Merle Wilder of the Senior Class are absent from school as a result of an automobile accident.

January 23—All the pupils had a pleasant surprise when they saw Miss Barrows, a former teacher at the high school, at the basket ball game.

January 24—The Editorial Board of the *Chimes* was unable to attend a meeting of the League of School Publications held at Holbrook, because of a severe storm.

February 3—The high school was glad to welcome Miss Merle Wilder back after her recovery from an automobile accident.

February 5—Miss Gretchen Schyler, a recent graduate, visited school. Miss Schuyler is attending the Sargent Physical Training School.

February 24—Mildred Bresnahan returned to school after an absence of about six weeks.

March 1—A photographer from the Wilson Studio in Cambridge, took pictures of the student body as well as group pictures of the various athletic organizations of the school.

March 6—Livia Bongarzone, business manager of the *Chimes*, and Mildred Bresnahan, assistant, visited several business men of the town to solicit advertisements for the *Chimes*.

March 10—We are glad to welcome a new member to our school, Miss Eleanor Kent, from a private school in Washington.

March 17—A delegation from the Editorial Board of the *Chimes* consisting of Sam Tilden, Livia Bongarzone, Alwilda Hendrickson, Gerald Delay, Ernest Dillon, George Lowell, Miss Elliott and Miss Dudley, attended a meeting of the League of School Publications of Southeastern Massachusetts at Hanover.

March 21—The Seniors presented their class play, *The Colonel's Maid*, at the hospital at Hanson.

March 26—Mildred Bresnahan, Ruth Damon, Marjory Hill, Roberta Huntley, Dorothy Knox, Dorothy McDonald, Jeanette Nichols and Anna Tufts received their certificates from New York, making them members of the international Order of Gregg Artists. Roberta's work was of superior excellence and she received a gold pin.

March 26—Livia Bongarzone, '30, has received her 100-word transcription certificate, while Kathryn Door, '31, and Dorothy McDonald, '31, have qualified for the 60-word award.

March 27—Josephine Welch and Livia Bongarzone have received 50-word awards in typewriting, from both the Underwood and Royal Typewriter Companies. Livia's Underwood award was the 100% silver pin.

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## ART DEPARTMENT

Virginia Poland, '31

Owing to the recent illness of Mrs. Ward, the art classes have been rather disorganized. At present, the classes are progressing under the able direction of Mrs. Clement. We hope, however, to see Mrs. Ward back with us again soon.

At the first of the year, the freshmen girls made some original flower designs. Recently, the boys have been making linoleum block prints of ships, which proved to be very fascinating work. Now they are trying their luck at central designs.

At Christmas time the senior girls made original plans for display windows.

Posters for "The Colonel's Maid," the senior class play, were made by various members of the art classes.

While the old art room is being remodeled in the girls' shower room, the art classes are having the great honor and pleasure of being the first to make use of one of the rooms in the new addition.



### DRAMATIC NOTES

Vera Chipman, '32

On November 22, the Junior Class presented a three-act play called "Apple Blossom Time." The cast of characters was as follows:

Polly Biddle .....	Anna Tufts
Bob Matthews .....	George Lowell
Betty Ann Stewart ....	Mildred Bresnahan
Charlie Lawrence .....	Selwyn Chipman
Nancy Prescott .....	Louise Nichols
Loretta Harris .....	Dorothy Knox
Mrs. Forrest .....	Frances Alexander
Cal Pickens .....	Clifford Blanchard
Malvina Kurtz .....	Ellen Bailey
Mickey Maguire .....	Frank Vinal
Spud McKlosky .....	Arthur Spear
Anabelle Spriggins .....	Marjorie Hill

The play was well attended and was a success both dramatically and financially.

To help finance all the events of the senior year the Senior Class presented a play called "The Colonel's Maid." The characters in the order of their appearance were as follows:

Ching-All-Ling, the Chinese cook .....	Herbert Dwyer
Colonel Robert Rudd, of North Carolina	Samuel Tilden
Bob Rudd, son of Colonel Rudd .....	Ernest Dillon
Mrs. J. John Carroll, Col. Rudd's sister-in-law	

Mary Westington

Julia Carroll, her daughter .....	Alwilda Hendrickson
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Marjorie Byrd, daughter of Col. Byrd . . Livia Bongarzone  
 Col. Richard Byrd, of South Carolina . . Robert Bresnahan  
 Ned Graydon, friend of Bob Rudd . . . . . George Dwight  
 Mr. James Baskom, Col. Rudd's lawyer . . Malcolm Wilder

The play was given March 13 and 14 with a large audience both nights. The characters were very well adapted to the parts given them and the whole production was very well received by the audience.

### ALUMNI NOTES

Selwyn Chipman, '31

Every effort has been made this year to locate and keep in touch with the graduates of past years. Letters were sent to the graduates of the last five years, to obtain news of their classmates and themselves, and to secure subscriptions for this issue.

So that this section might be as interesting as possible, the names of many graduates have been omitted, for we feel that past issues of the "Chimes" have familiarized our readers with their whereabouts.

We have specialized particularly in news of the graduates of 1929.

### IN SCHOOL

	Class	
Daniel Appleton	1925	Northeastern University
Evan Bailey	1929	Wentworth Institute
Frank Merlon Cole	1929	Suffolk Law School
Barbara Colman	1929	Boston School of Art
Ruth Dwyer	1929	Boston University
Louis Haartz	1925	Preparing for M. I. T. at Night School; working at Fore River Ship Bldg. Corp. in Quincy.
Peter Meschini	1929	Franklin Union trade School in Boston.
Charles Mitchell	1928	Recently completed an Agri- cultural course at Amherst College
Nellie Mitchell	1929	Wellesley College
Judith Partridge	1929	Boston School of Art
Katherine Somers	1928	Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston
Ethel Tierney	1929	Training to become a nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.



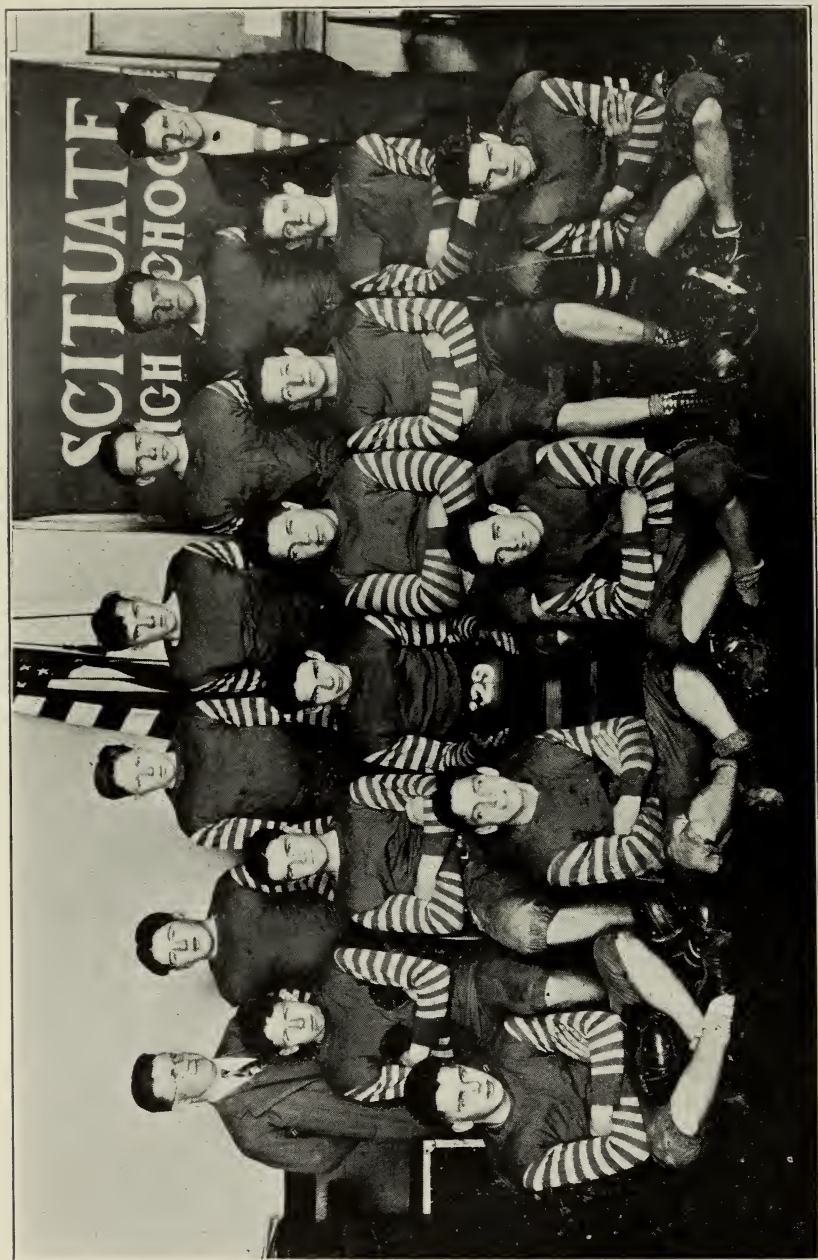
Paul Spencer	1929	Northeastern University
Victor Stenbeck	1929	Tilton Seminary at Tilton, New Hampshire

## IN BUSINESS

	Class	
Audrey Bartington	1929	Scituate Cooperative Bank
Olga Bongarzone	1929	Wm. P. Shultz at North Scituate
Phyllis Hyland	1929	Employers' Liability Insur- ance Co. at Boston.
Gertrude Jones	1929	A. M. Davis, Boston
Ray Litchfield	1926	Automobile Repair Shop at North Scituate.
Claire McDermott	1926	Scituate Electric Co.
Madeline Murphy	1929	Scituate Post Office
James O'Connor	1929	A. & P. Store at Scituate
Margaret Short	1929	John Hancock Insurance Co. in Boston
Virginia Russell	1929	Stone and Webster's in Bos- ton.
Helen Stevens	1929	Gilmore and Rothery in Boston.
John Stewart	1929	A. & P. Store at North Scit- uate
Margaret Torrey	1926	S. S. White Dental Co., Boston
Wallace Torrey	1926	Francis, Romstock, and Reynolds Stained Glass Co., Boston.
Catherine Welch	1927	Rothery, Delano and Young

## MARRIED

	Class	
Harriet Alexander	1926	To Mr. Carl Rosby of Bos- ton
Ruth Bean	1927	To Mr. Augustus Newcomb of North Scituate.
Evelyn Bonney	1924	To Dr. Ward C. Denison of New York
Priscilla Fish	1924	To Mr. Lawrence Webster of Marshfield.
Esther Gosewisch	1928	To Mr. Wilfred Prouty of Scituate.
Dorothy Wilder	1928	To Mr. Edgar Hyland of Scituate.



## FOOTBALL TEAM

Front—R. Bresnahan, G. Delay, H. Dwyer, M. Wilder.

Middle—R. Breen, A. Lawson, A. Chase, J. Jakubens, E. Nichols, G. Dwight.

Back—Mr. Fellows, Coach; C. Jenkins, A. Spear, S. Tilden, G. Lowell, J. Fabello, E. Dillon, Mgr.



## BOYS' ATHLETIC NEWS

The Scituate High football Team had a successful season. The team played seven games, winning four, losing two, and tying one. The team played well in most of the contests and showed their ability to win games. The scores of this season's games were as follows:

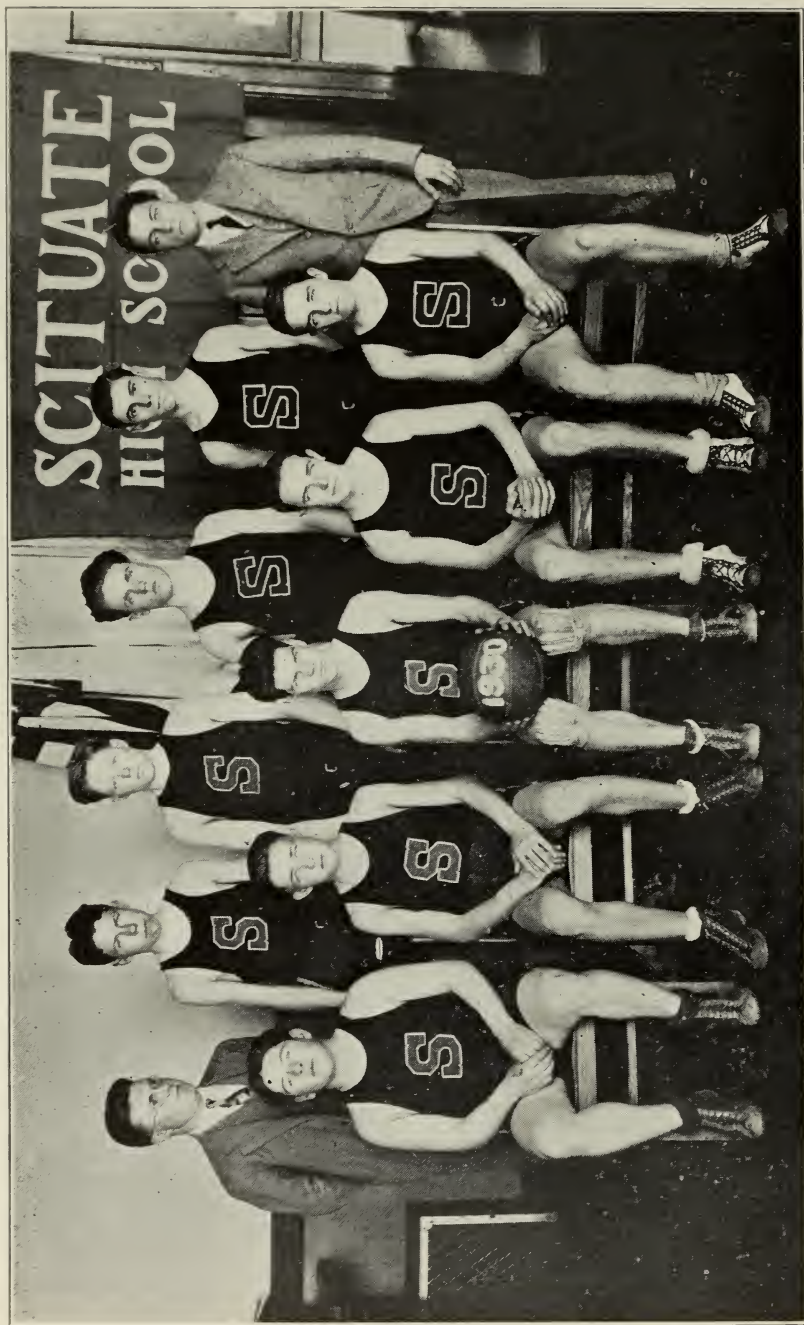
Scituate	12	Thayer	0
Scituate	19	Kingston	0
Scituate	0	Rockland	6
Scituate	0	Hanover	31
Scituate	4	East Bridgewater	0
Scituate	0	Derby	0
Scituate	20	Marshfield	0

The team had the unique record of being undefeated away from home. The letter men of the season were Capt. Chase, Mgr. Dillon, S. Tilden, J. Jakabins, R. Bresnahan, E. Nichols, A. Spear, G. Lowell, H. Dwyer, A. Lawson, T. Lawson, G. Dwight, G. Delay, M. Wilder, J. Fabello, C. Jenkins and R. Breen.

The basketball team had a very poor season, winning but one league game. The team had fight but were often defeated in the last periods of play. The team defeated the Alumni twice. The scores follow:

Marshfield	20	Scituate	7
Norwell	21	Scituate	7
Hingham	31	Scituate	9
Penbroke	13	Scituate	5
Duxbury	31	Scituate	11
Hanover	28	Scituate	5
Scituate	15	Alumni	14





## BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Front:—C. Jenkins, H. Young, M. Wilder, S. Stonefield, H. Dwyer.  
 Back:—Mr. Fellows, Coach, R. Breen, A. Spear, G. Dwight, D. Parsons, G. Delay, Mgr.

Scituate	13	Wildcats	9
Scituate	17	Pembroke	13
Hingham	30	Scituate	6
Hanover	26	Scituate	12
Marshfield	22	Scituate	17
Norwell	41	Scituate	9
Scituate	12	Alumni	10

Scituate entered the Brockton Tournament and was defeated by East Bridgewater.

The letter men are Capt. Wilder, Mgr. Delay, A. Spear, S. Stonefield, H. Dwyer, H. Young, E. Nichols, A. Lawson, and T. Lawson.

The school was represented for the first time by a swimming team this year. The team entered the Brockton Y. M. C. A. meet where they earned six points. Freddie Gosewisch won a second place while T. Lawson and A. Spear won third places. The relay team won third place in the meet also.

---

Scituate also entered a team in the Brockton Track Meet and won five points. The relay team consisting of Hollis Young, Ernest Dillon, Herbert Dwyer, and Clifford Blanchard won first place, defeating three formidable teams.

The baseball team this year hopes to have a good season. Many of last year's letter men are back and around them a team can be built. The call for battery candidates was well responded to. The other men reported later and the team is well under way.

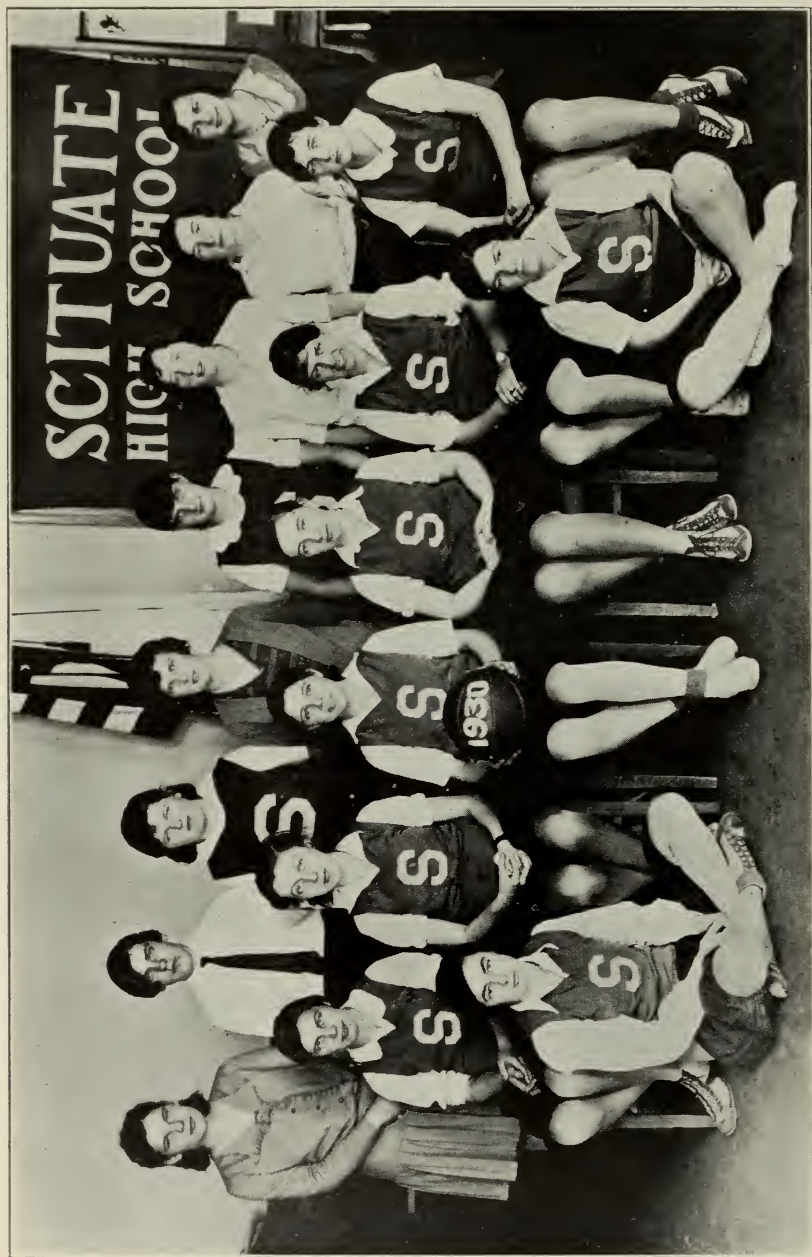
The track team is working under the direction of Coach Gillespie. The team has many prospects and hopes to have many dual meets and then enter some of the South Shore School Meets.

This column wishes to thank Coach Fellows who has given so much of his time to the developing of our teams and who has coached some of our teams to victory.

The Tennis Team has good prospect for a successful season as all the men are still in school. There are many good players to choose from and this team looks forward to a successful season. The veterans are Capt. Tilden, Lowell, Dwight, and Delay.

Ernest Dillon, Boys' Athletic Editor





# GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Front: M. Hill, M. Wilder.

Middle: E. Stonefield, A. Hendrickson, L. Bongarzono, J. Welch, F. Alexander, L. Nichols.

Back: M. Bresnahan, Asst. Mgr.; L. Shepard, M. Sweeney, Miss Cole, Coach; L. Lincoln, D. Merrill, J. Harris, D. Knox, Mgr.

## GIRLS' ATHLETIC NEWS

Dorothy Knox, '31

The Girls' Basketball Team under the efficient management of Glea Cole, our coach, has had a very successful season.

At the beginning of the fall term the girls practised on the outdoor court but as the weather grew colder, they practised inside the Town Hall. Although we lost some of our good players last year, we gained many new, efficient ones.

The schedule for the basketball season was as follows:

*Scituate—Marshfield	Jan. 10	31—24
*Scituate—Norwell	Jan. 14	32—14
Scituate—Hingham	Jan. 21	20—47
*Scituate—Pembroke	Jan. 24	38—30
Scituate—Duxbury	Jan. 28	10—21
Scituate—Hanover	Jan. 31	14—30
*Scituate—Pembroke	Feb. 7	41—19
*Scituate—Hingham	Feb. 11	20—28
Scituate—Hanover	Feb. 14	19—24
Scituate—Marshfield	Feb. 18	30—25
Scituate—Norwell	Feb. 21	25—16
Scituate—Alumni	Feb. 25	24—10

\* Games at home.

The girls who received their basketball letters are as follows: Capt. L. Bongarzine, D. Biasey, A. Hendrickson, J. Welch, L. Nichols, E. Stonefield, F. Alexander, M. Wilder and Mgr. D. Knox.

We hope to have many other athletic activities when the new gym is completed. The girls are now considering plans for a baseball team.

---

After three years of French at High School and two courses of it during summer vacations, Dillon can now speak that beautiful language very "fluidly."

Delay: Do you enlarge pictures to natural size here?

Druggist: Yes, that's our specialty.

Delay: I have a snapshot of Niagara Falls.

Paul B: Miss Elliot, do you know where art is?

Miss E: Art who?

Paul B: You know, art—Mrs. Clement.



## RIB TICKLERS

To-morrow evening at the Satuit Theatre, a premier showing of "In the Hen's Roost," an all squawking picture.

Mr. Gillespie: Who discovered radium?

Gosewitch: Joe Bush.

Mr. Cole, about the take attendance: Well, I guess I'll tatke count of stock.

## Momentous Moments

When the street car conductor joins an orchestra.

Mr. Black: Is you crying, Honey?

Mrs. Black: No, Ah's not crying honey; Ah's crying tears.

Lowell: We've a cow that gives buttermilk.

Harriet: George, we know that isn't true.

Lowell: It sure is the truth. How can a cow give anything but-er-milk?

Peanut: I've had a bad accident.

Bucket: What's the trouble?

Peanut: I ran over my allowance.

Agnew: Say Virginia, I've discovered perpetual motion.

L'll Alice: How is that?

Agnew: My money—it's going all the time.

Stonefield: I said, "Give me a little attention, please," and she said, "Sorry but I'm giving you as little as possible now."

Ding still thinks that indices is the plural of indecent.

Willie: Earle, please get me an ice cream Sundae.

Nich: Why-er-I don't think I'll be here Sunday.

Sam: You study Biology, don't you?

Arnold: Of course.

Sam: Well, tell me where all the bugs go in the winter time.

Arnold: Search me!

Sam: No, thanks, I don't want to search you. I'll take your word for it.

Monkey: What kind of house do you live in?

Zeb: Oh, I don't mind telling you I live in a bungalow.

Monk: How do you know it's a bungalow?

Zeb: Cause the carpenters bungled it, and Pa still owes for it. Don't that make it a bungle-owe!

Mr. Gillespie: Turner, will you tell the class what raw prunes look like?

Hump: Sure; they look just like raisins with the inflammatory rheumatism.

Selwyn: It must be a pity to be dumb?

Paul: Yes, I know it.

Selwyn: Why, did you ask Buckethead?

Lizzie: Ernest, do you like codfish balls?

Peanut: Why, I have never attended one.

Vine (read paper): Quick, put on your hat.

Quinn: Why?

Vinal: I read that elephants are getting rare.

THE CHIMES  
THE LOST PUPPY

A Parody  
George James, '33

Say! little pup,  
What's up?  
Your tail is down  
And out of sight  
Between your legs.  
Why, that ain't right  
Little pup,  
Brace up.

Say! little pup  
Stir up  
Is that a string  
Around your tail?  
And is it fast  
To a tin pail?  
Little pup,  
Get up.

Say! little pup  
Talk up  
Were those bad boys  
All after you  
With sticks and stones  
And tin cans, too?  
Little pup,  
Speak up.

Say! little pup  
Stand up  
Let me look at you  
You'd be all right  
If you were scrubbed  
And shined up right,  
Little pup,  
Jump up.

Say! little pup  
Com'on up  
Why you've got feet



Now come with me  
Let's wash and eat  
And then we'll see,  
Little pup,  
What's up.

Pretend you're Cupid and match these correctly.

Willie	Cliff
Virginia	George
Jeanne	Ernest
Edna	Hollis
Bunny	Stanley
Elizabeth	Hump
Roberta	Huck
Eleanor	Arthur
Alice	Earle
Doris	Lemon
Joe	Jimmy
Harriet	Selwyn
Gert	Bravo
No one	Donald
Frannie	Sam

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